

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847.

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TO OUR READERS.

Edited by JOHN STOWE.
Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Books at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are alone entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season 1847 will be memorable in the annals of music. Events of big importance, such as a century does not see twice, have happened to separate it from seasons past and future. First, the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera has broken the neck of a monopoly that has not been always wielded, and might not have always been wielded, with the discretion and enterprise that have signalized the conduct of Mr. Lumley, since he has influenced the destinies of Her Majesty's Theatre. Monopoly in a free country is a decided anomaly. Its death-blow in a popular department of public amusement must therefore be memorialized as a great fact and a sign of the times. We are progressing, and nothing can stand against the avalanche of free opinion which sweeps away old prejudices, and customs merely sanctified by age, in whatever form they may obstruct its path. Still the question remains unsolved, whether two establishments, on a vast scale, devoted to an amusement of secondary import in art, is not also an anomaly and a monopoly—a monopoly of Italian opera instead of a monopoly of the Italian Opera. We think it is, and are persuaded that it cannot last. One must fall, and that shortly. It remains for the rival directors to outwit each other. The strongest and best will endure. Not merely the strongest in *opera*, as our anti-Terpsichorean co-labourer, Desmond Ryan, has urged, but the strongest in *ballet* also; for *ballet* is, by tradition, inseparable from Italian Opera; and the inventions of Perrot, interpreted by Carlotta, are every inch as worthy consideration, appeal as strongly to the intellectual faculties, and tend as much to refine and civilize, as the inventions of Verdi, interpreted by Fraschini and Castellan. All the fine writing in the world cannot raise the modern Italian opera above the modern French *ballet*. Even the eloquence of the *Morning Chronicle* must fail to establish a distinction.

On Saturday *Semiramide* was repeated for the third time. There was nothing to particularise the performance but the indisposition of Signor Tamburini, who was suffering from a cold and hoarseness that incapacitated him from doing full justice to the vocal part of his labours. An apology was made for him, which the public received with great good humour, and no discontent was manifested about the omission of certain portions of the music, which, under the circumstances, was unavoidable. The loss, however, was compensated by the increased energy displayed in the acting of the great artist,

which was never finer than on this occasion. The *ballet* of the *Odalisque* followed. Madlle. Fleury danced very gracefully, and was received with high favour. A new *pas de deux* for M. Mabille and the clever and intelligent Madlle. Marietta Baderna, considerably enhanced the choreographic attractions of the evening. Little Marietta danced with the prettiest *abandon* conceivable, and was warmly applauded. She will in all probability become as popular at the Royal Italian Opera as she was at Drury Lane, under the enterprising Mr. Bunn, who introduced her to the English public.

On Tuesday a second batch of the company was exhibited in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We have recently had occasion to speak of this opera, and need not therefore enlarge upon the subject now. Suffice it, though much of the music is passionate and tender, most of it in a certain degree dramatic, and all of it vocal, fluent and agreeable, it is by no means, as the *Chronicle* insists, the *master-piece* of Donizetti. The full exhibition of the Italian composer's powers is only to be traced in the instrumentation, which is effective and splendid throughout. But except in the *finale* to the second act, and the mad scene of Lucia, there is nothing that can be compared to the best portions of *La Favorita*, a more equally balanced work, and finished and complete in all respects. The air for Edgardo "Tu che a dio," in the last scene, is melodious and touching, but we must insist that it is of too trifling a character for the situation. The opera was thus cast on Tuesday:—Lucia, Mad. Persiani; Sir Edgar Ravenswood, Signor Salvi; Lord Henry Ashton, Signor Ronconi; Bide-the-Bent, Signor Polonini; Lord Arthur, Signor Lavia; Norman, Signor Tulli; and Alise, Signora Bellini. The reception of Mad. Persiani, who had not appeared in England for three years, was uproarious; it lasted several minutes; it seemed as if the whole of the vast audience that crowded boxes, pit, and gallery, had but one pair of hands, so simultaneous and unanimous was the beating together of palms. Little moved, the fair cantatrice gave her "Perche non ho," and the preceding recitative, as calmly as though she were not the cynosure of universal gaze, and the present object of universal interest. In this air, and throughout the opera, Mad. Persiani displayed those marvellous peculiarities, that have placed her at the head of the florid school, with all the perfection of the olden time. If anything, her voice has improved; it sounded fuller and clearer to our ears. Mad. Persiani's faults of intonation remain unmodified. It would appear that perfect tune were incompatible with such astonishing flights of execution: but as we never yet heard the equal of Mad. Persiani, as a mistress of exuberant vocalisation—her fancy and facility being seemingly inexhaustible—we are not able to decide this question. The

misfortune is that while fully acknowledging her amazing talent the one defect will always prevent the fair vocalist from being as great a favorite with *musicians* as she is with the general public. In her acting Mad. Persiani appears to have gained in energy and expression. Her mad scene was very impressive and natural. During the opera she was recalled and encored several times.

Signor Ronconi is one of the greatest dramatic vocalists of the age. This has never been disputed. It is therefore the more to be lamented that the uncertainty of his physical resources so continually exposes himself and the public to disappointment. We are compelled to urge this, while awarding due acknowledgment to his very generous behaviour on Tuesday. Though suffering, as he was, *severely*, from influenza, induced by the change of climate, sooner than sacrifice, or risk, the interests of the establishment, he consented to sing, "in spite of his throat." An apology was offered for him, and his splendid acting made up for those defects in his vocalising, that were inevitable under the circumstances. Signor Ronconi was received with immense favour.

The great hit of the evening was, however, the Edgar of Signor Salvi. This gentleman will be remembered as having made a considerable impression, some years ago, at the Philharmonic concerts, and at Drury Lane theatre, in the last act of this very opera, of *Lucia*. But though we admired him then, we only admired him as an excellent second-rate artist. He is now decidedly a "first-rate," in every respect. His voice is a pure and legitimate tenor, possessing all the necessary range and flexibility. It is, besides, a voice of rich and oily quality. In style, Signor Salvi reminds us more of Rubini than any tenor who has followed in the steps of that great artist. Still he has peculiarities of his own that save him from the charge of being a servile imitator. The only absolute fault we can specify, is a tendency to over-refine and over-express, which occasionally manifests itself too strongly, but at the same time ensures the careful and studied accuracy of his general performance. His "mal-edizione," in the *finale* to the second act, was excellent—not a bit the worse for steering clear of extravagant gesture and boisterous declamation. His "Fra Poco" was perfection; but he should avoid saluting the public in such a situation of deep anguish and despair; it helps to destroy the illusion altogether. The "Tu che a Dio" was very passionate, but a trifle overdone—after the style of Moriani. However, Signor Salvi's success was decided, and his re-call at the fall of the curtain was a signal for redoubled cheering and applause.

The subordinate parts were carefully done, but Bide-the-Bent gave no opportunity to Signor Polonini (or at least none of which he availed himself) to display any other qualification than that of a very sonorous voice, which told well in the concerted music. The orchestra and chorus were admirable, but not quite so irreproachable as on the first and second nights of *Semiramide*. Signor Costa must not relax his discipline an inch. But we are not in the humour to find fault, where so much was deserving of unqualified praise.

On Thursday *Lucia* was repeated. Ronconi continuing unwell, Tamburini was announced for the part; but fate still adverse, Tamburini fell a victim also to the influenza, and a Signor Pietro Ley was substituted, whose voice being a *basso profundo*, did not so well suit the music as might have been desirable. He got through it respectably however. Persiani and Salvi were again received with enthusiasm, and the success of the latter was established beyond a question. The ballet performances remain the same. To-night we are to have *Semiramide* again. The

Puritan is deferred; so that we must wait till Thursday to hear the accomplished Mario, who will, on that evening (an *extra* night, which will make the fairer portion of the subscribers pout with vexation) appear in an act of the *Sonnambula*, with Mad. Persiani. We cannot afford space for the names of dukes and earls; but we may say, in a line, that the influx of aristocracy has been remarkable. The new ballet for *Dumilatre* is in preparation, and Fanny Ellsler has arrived.

DR. BAKER.

THOUGH the fame of this deceased musician never reached our ears, we presume that he must have been famous from the encomium which has been forwarded to us by our worthy correspondent at Wolverhampton, who introduces the subject to us in the following epistle:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Being called upon by some of the relatives of the late Doctor Baker to furnish them with a brief memoir of his life, I drew up the sketch which appears in this day's *Staffordshire Advertiser*, having obtained what information I could from those relatives. It has occurred to me that this sketch may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers; I have therefore forwarded it to you; if you think it worthy of insertion. I will shortly forward to you one of the Doctor's *morceaux* for the pianoforte, as perhaps you may like to engrave it to present to your subscribers. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Wolverhampton, March 20th, 1847.

G. E. H.

Hereafter follows the memoir, which our industrious and admirable correspondent took the pains to draw up. We give it verbatim. The responsibility of what it sets forth, of course, rests on the shoulders of the writer, who is well able, we are sure, to bear the burden. We cannot undertake to carry it ourselves, since, as we have said above, the fame of Dr. Baker never reached our ears:—

THE LATE DOCTOR BAKER.—In our obituary of this week we have recorded the death of Dr. Baker, the celebrated composer and organist, which event took place at the residence of his son, at Rugeley, on the 19th of last month. Dr. Baker was formerly organist of St. Mary's, Stafford, and to many of our readers, the following brief memoir will, perhaps, prove acceptable. George Baker was born in the city of Exeter, about the year 1752-3. From his mother's sister he received his first instructions, by which he was enabled at the juvenile age of seven, to perform with precision on the harpsicord Handel's and Scarlatti's lessons. His first masters were Hugh Bond and the late celebrated Jackson (at that time organist of the Cathedral at Exeter), and for the violin, Ward; which combined instructions enabled him very soon to lead the concerts in that neighbourhood. The celebrated singer, Charles Incledon, was an articled pupil of Jackson's at the same time with Baker. At the age of seventeen, he left Exeter for London, and was patronised by the late Earl of Uxbridge (father of the present Marquis of Anglesey), and ultimately received into that nobleman's house, as director of his private concerts. The earl likewise provided him with further instructions in his art; for the violin, he had Cramer (father of the present J. B. Cramer), and Dussek, for the pianoforte. These great advantages, combined with a great natural genius, raised him at once to the highest position as regards his art, and formed that correctness and elegance of taste and execution, which he never lost in his old age. He performed his celebrated "Storm" at the Hanover Rooms, before a great number of artistes and nobility, and received high commendation from Dr. Burney, the great musical writer of the day. He was appointed organist to St. Mary's Church, Stafford, on the occasion of the purchase of a very fine instrument, built by Geib, in the year 1785. It was during his residence at Stafford, that he took his degree at Oxford. In the year 1799 he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Knight, of Milwich, in this county, by whom he had seven children, four sons and three daughters. About the year 1810, he was appointed to the situation of organist to All Saint's Church, Derby; and, lastly, he obtained the situation at Rugeley in 1824, which he retained up to the time of his death, although the duties were performed by a deputy from 1839. Dr. Baker was the composer of a great diversity of music, which has been already published, and a vast quantity which rests only in manuscript. Amongst his published works we must enumerate "six anthems for 4, 5, and 6 voices," "Voluntaries for the organ," "Glees for 3, 4, and 5 voices, dedicated to the Earl of Uxbridge," "The storm at sea,

and the *whole* of the music performed at his concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, "The overture and songs of the Cafres, a musical entertainment performed at Covent Garden theatre," to which may be added a great number of songs, duets, &c., (many of the songs there sung by Incledon) concertos and solos for the violin, and airs with variations for the pianoforte. Dr. Baker was a person of eccentric manners, and of improvident habits, or he might have become exceedingly wealthy, having enjoyed a popularity as a teacher of music rarely paralleled. In his person he was remarkably handsome, and of an exceeding fair complexion, of which he was not a little vain. He was of a generous disposition, though of a highly irritable temper. As regarded his brother artistes, he was truly liberal, and ready to acknowledge talent wherever he found it. Like Beethoven, he lost his hearing some years before his death, which deprived him of one of the great pleasures of life; for he was enthusiastically fond of his art, and devoted the greatest portion of his time to composition. Some few months before his death, he told the writer of this sketch, "that he had devoted his time to composition *entirely*; and was engaged then on an oratorio, to be entitled "Jerusalem." He died on the 19th of February, 1847, and was buried at Rugeley, where he had resided for the last 25 years of his life. The precise date of his birth cannot be ascertained, but he considered that he was born in 1750. He had ever enjoyed most excellent health, and died from natural decay of nature. "Non moritur cuius fama vivit." We are indebted to a professional acquaintance of the late Dr. Baker for the foregoing sketch of his life.

The comparison with Beethoven will, no doubt, hold good with those who have revelled in the beauties of the Doctor's compositions, a distinction we have not enjoyed ourselves. At the same time we entertain the fullest belief in the whole of the historical part of the above memoir.

ANTICIPATORY CRITICISMS ON THE DEBUT OF SIGNORA VIETTI AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE IN TWO MORNING PAPERS.

(From the "Morning Chronicle.")

THE unprecedented and overwhelming success of Signora Alboni at the Royal Italian Opera, doubtless urged on the management of Her Majesty's Theatre to procure a singer in that line that would compete with the great contralto of the other house, and supply the last year's vacuum of the establishment in the Haymarket. Who that has ears, or musical understanding, can forget the part of Arsace in *Semiramide* being transposed last year to suit a *mezzo-soprano*; and who can forget the mess that was made with Rossini's score and the discrepant modulation that were obliged to be had recourse to, in order to befit the music to the voice not adapted to sing it? Her Majesty's Theatre had no contralto last year. It has one this year. Signora Vietti has been trumpeted loudly in the columns of a cotemporary, whose praises, by this time, have become the very *lucus a non lucendo* of criticism, as far as all the good it does to those whom it upholds is concerned. The new contralto of Her Majesty's Theatre met with a great reception last night. She received three distinct rounds of applause, *before she sung a single note*. Rather suggestive that. In appearance Signora Vietti has some claims to personal attractions, and though by no means good-looking, she will find admirers in a certain class. She is rather masculine in shape, and though lean is not entirely bony.* Her attitudes are angular, and far from graceful, and though she possesses some energy, it wants fire and regulation. Her passion too often degenerates to rant, and in her attempts to be forcible she is sometimes ridiculous. The organ of the new contralto is limited in range, and unequal in its register. She sometimes sings passages effectively, but this is rather by art than nature. Signora Vietti is no artist. Her voice is managed with but little skill, and she has no idea of *sotto voce* singing. As a vocalist she has no pretensions to compare with the great contraltos that have been heard in England from Pisaroni down to Alboni. The *debut*

of Signora Vietti, if applause be the criterion of judgment, may be styled successful, but if truth be allowed to pronounce a verdict, we must say without the least hesitation, that the new singer is a decided failure."

(From the "Morning Post.")

In the economy of criticism truth and justice are the pillars that uphold belief, and those who found their notions of art on conjecture will find themselves deeply wronged in their opinions. Tertullian has a saying that admirably hits off this didactic sentiment:—

"*Ingeminans giggling medias sputavit in undas.*"—

which exposes those who would subvert reality at the expense of fortuity? Actualities are the safety valves that regulate men's minds, and by facts only can truth be indicated. The line of Tasso in the *Jerusalem Delivered* expresses this with great force:—

"Come raccendo il gusto il mutare esche."

The advent of a great singer to the grandest temple dedicated to the operatic muse in Europe is an event in itself. So many minds are on the stretch of impatience waiting the first appearance—so much amount of aristocratic feeling expended in hopes and suspense—so many boxes taken—not a seat was to be had a week previously. The moment she appeared the audience rose *en masse* and cheered her for ten minutes. Before she sang a single note the great artist was visible. There are three grand requisites for a female singer in England. The first is face, the second figure, and the third is dramatic and vocal desiderata. Signora Vietti is remarkably handsome, her features expressing every conflict of the tenderest and most violent passion with singular brilliancy and illumination. The form is perfect. She has beautiful rounded shoulders, low and drooping, dispensing with that *tubbiness* which so completely disfigures a modern contralto. The walk is splendid, and a certain natural grace follows her in all her movements. We never saw a more oval forehead, or hair of a more dazzling jetty hue. The eye is peculiar—of an oriental shade, reminding one of a Hindoo mother watching over her sleeping child. The dress is picturesque, and displayed the exquisite and classical proportions of her form to considerable advantage. The voice is perfect, compassing with ease every note a contralto ought to sing. Rossini called her the *contralto di troppo cotto* in compliment to her energy. She not only sings from her mouth but the voice seems to come from all parts of her countenance, scintillating from her brow, beaming from her eyes, breathing from her nose, and melting from her lips. Since the time of Pisaroni, the first of all contralti,* the present excepted, no contralto has been in England who could stand a chance in competition with Signora Vietti. The effect she produced last night was electrical, and could not be described. The recitative is wonderful, the *sostenuto* and *rallentando* passages being given with thrilling effect. The freshness of the voice is apparent in every note. Signora Vietti completed her twenty-third year the day before she arrived in London. The voice is even and oleaginous and capable of distending itself to the evolvement of any passion, either withering you by its grasp, or dissolving you by its pathos. She is also a great dramatic singer, and seizes on the impulse of the moment to throw all her energies into one grand *coup*. The effect of this is

* Were it not that our sombre cotemporary but seldom indulges in a brisk saying, we should feel inclined to think that this sentence involved a hidden pun, and that the writer meant that Signora Vietti was not Al-boni.

* The critic forgets Pisaroni had not the two first requisites of a great singer, viz., face and figure.

astonishing. She carried away the whole house in one scene, the applause being tremendous. On the whole this has been the greatest triumph ever witnessed within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre."

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONCERT AT SWINDON.

On Friday afternoon last a special train left the Paddington terminus, with Charles Russell, Esq., M.P., some of the directors and officers of the company, and a numerous party of friends, for the Swindon Station; where, after viewing the stupendous works erected by the company for the construction of their locomotive engines, the party was entertained in the evening by a concert performed entirely by the workmen connected with the establishment, some of whom, to the number of 60 (being supplied with music and instruments by the company), have formed themselves into an Amateur Musical Society, and have already succeeded in producing a most creditable result. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture "Italians in Algieri," which was followed by "The Great Western Railway Waltz," composed by Mr. Patterson, the band master, who is employed by the company as an engine-driver; this composition, which is very pretty, was followed by a varied selection of entertainments and vocal music, amongst which was Bishop's glee the "Chough and Crow" which, in point of correctness and "ensemble," we have rarely heard better performed. The orchestra consists mainly of wind instruments, upon which the performers have obtained a considerable proficiency. The songs were well accompanied on the pianoforte by a carpenter of the establishment. In the course of the evening an address was read to Mr. Russell from the society, thanking him and the company for their liberality in encouraging their musical efforts, which was responded to by that gentleman in a very effective speech. The directors and their friends returned to London by a special train at 10 o'clock, highly gratified by their entertainment. It is with especial pleasure that we refer to this performance as reflecting the greatest credit on the habits of these workmen who, after their laborious work, prefer rational enjoyment in the noble study of music to the enervating pleasures of the public-house, and also as conferring no less honour on the directors and chairman of the Great Western Railway, in having applied some of the resources at their command in the fostering and encouraging a plan that has already had, and must continue to have, such beneficial results to all parties concerned.—*From a Correspondent.*

MR. ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.

AT the meetings of the above named society, the programme of the performances is comprised in a small half sheet of letterpress, containing the names of the pieces and executants, accompanied by preparatory eulogistic criticisms of every thing that is to be done, with anecdotes of the private life of the director, and confessions of his doctrines on musical and other matters. The preparatory criticisms leave the reporter nothing to say. He cannot be so unpolite as to run counter to the opinions placed in his hands so courteously and so conveniently by Mr. Ella; and yet if he give further publicity to them in paraphrase, or abridgement, he stands in imminent danger of promulgating a quantity, of *outré*, and not very sound notions of art and artists, which Mr. Ella is alone in entertaining. In the "record" of the last meeting (a record of a performance *before it takes place* is somewhat anomalous), Mr. Ella lets the reins of his fancy loose, and his Pegasus ambles gracefully along in the region of female influence

upon art. Mr. Ella utters a number of very pretty things about the ladies, and concludes with according them an "instinct" of a "poetical temperament," (only *an instinct*, mind), which he declares to be an indispensable element of excellence in all arts." As we were considering the *quid pro quo* of this, and were on the point of muttering "Apropos des bottes," we glanced farther down the paper, and by the next paragraph were instructed that the *encomium foeminae* was merely submitted by Mr. Ella as a poem to a diatribe against his brother musicians of England. Read the following—

"It is the absence of this divine gift," (the instinct of a poetical temperament) "among" (the absence among) "English musicians in general, that so often proves a barrier" (an absence proves a barrier) "to the success of their laudable attainments, whilst many a foreigner of far less mechanical knowledge," (far less than how much, or whose?) "more favourably organized, at once engages the sympathies and carries off the prize." * * * * Music has been made a profession in England too frequently as a means of easy existence" (would that we could find it so), "without sufficient regard being paid to a favourable organization in the student."

In consenting to this, the question presents itself whether the director of the "Musical Union," in choosing the musical profession, paid regard to the favourability of his organization, or solely reckoned upon the easy life of which he speaks, and which few musicians (less gifted than himself) are enabled to find. The indefatigable critic of the *Morning Chronicle* has evidently a sort of reverence for the director of the "Musical Union," which verges on idolatry. Next to Signor Costa, Mr. Ella gets better notices in the *Chronicle* than any other favourably organized professor. The critic thus calls attention to Mr. Ella's remarks, (above cited), dignifying them with the name of "reflections" :-

"We commend these *reflections* to the Young England professors, whose antipathies to foreign genius, and *cacoethes carpendi* are so offensively expressed in their abusive attacks upon *that gifted individual*, Costa, whose delicate perceptions of the beautiful and sublime in art, and untiring energies, have tended to elevate the musical character of this country, and given that local habitation and name to musical England, which it now enjoys among foreigners. The success of the Musical Union, by its admirable management, also commands *respectful opinions*; and our supposed want of musical taste is no longer the jesting topic of foreign musicians. Of the latter, were many remarkable *persons* (remarkable persons of foreign musicians) "in the room yesterday, highly delighted." &c. &c.

We own the above to be a magnificent piece of writing, but we consent to none of the opinions it hides in its independant flow of words. Signor Costa and Mr. Ella have had, have, and will have as much influence on the musical character of this country as the critic of the *Chronicle* himself—and no more. How much that is we leave to the modesty of our wordy contemporary to decide,

CHURCH MUSIC.—We have much pleasure in announcing that, Mr. Surman, the enterprising and indefatigable conductor of the Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, has affected a long-wished-for alteration in the evening service at Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road. In place of having the whole service performed as previously by boys, Mr. Surman, who conducts the choir at the requisition of Dr. Worthington, engaged some of our first vocalists, by whom all the verse parts are now delivered. The Misses Williams, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, sang on Sunday evening last, and it is hardly necessary to say, that the service went beautifully, much to the delight and surprise of the uninitiated auditors, who could not account for the wonderful improvement in the singers. Mr. Surman not only merits the thanks of the congregation, but has a strong claim on the gratitude of the whole parish for his efforts to introduce into the church, music and interpreters which will not by grotesque performances distract the thoughts from meditation.

THE AFFINITIES,
from the German of *Göthe*.

Continued from page 232.

PART II.—CHAPTER X.

CHARLOTTE on her side finds herself cheerful and well. She is delighted with the fine boy, whose promising form occupies every hour both her eye and her mind. By him she acquires a new relation to the world and to her possessions; her old activity is again brought into play; wherever she looks she sees much that has been done in the preceding year and in that she rejoices. Animated by her own feelings she goes up to the moss cottage with Ottilia and the child, and while she places the latter on the little table, as a domestic altar, and sees two places still vacant, she thinks of former times, and a new hope arises both for herself and Ottilia.

Perhaps young ladies look about modestly after this or that young man, silently examining whether they should like him for a husband, but those who have to provide for daughters, or female wards, survey a wider circle. Thus was it at this moment with Charlotte, to whom an union of the captain and Ottilia did not seem impossible and, indeed, they had already sat side by side in this very hut. It was not unknown to her that the captain's former prospect of an advantageous marriage had again vanished.

Charlotte ascended higher, and Ottilia carried the child, the former abandoning herself to various reflections. There are shipwrecks even upon dry land, and it is good and praiseworthy to recover and reinstate one's self as speedily as possible. Life is, after all, only reckoned by profit and loss. Who does not form some plan and is then disturbed in it? How often does one strike into a path to be afterwards led out of it! How often are we turned aside from a goal upon which we have firmly fixed our eyes to attain a higher one! The traveller, to his extreme annoyance, breaks a wheel on his way and, by this unpleasant accident gains the most delightful acquaintances and connections, which have an influence on his whole life. Fate grants us our wishes, but in its own way, that it may be able to grant us something beyond our wishes.

Amid these and similar reflections, Charlotte reached the building on the heights, where she was perfectly confirmed in her feelings, for the prospect was much finer than one could have expected. All that offered little interruptions had been removed in every direction; all that was good in the landscape, all that nature and time had done for it stood out in its purity and struck the eye, while the young plantations, which were destined to fill up some gaps, and to form a pleasant connection between the divided parts, were already in leaf.

The house itself was almost habitable; the prospect especially from the upper rooms, was extremely varied. The longer one looked around the more beauty did one discover. What effects would be produced by the different seasons and the sun and moon! It was highly desirable to remain here, and how speedily was the wish to build and create revived in Charlotte when she found all the coarser work done to her hands. A joiner, an upholsterer, a painter, who could get on with paste-board, and some easy gilding were alone required, and in a short time the building was finished. Cellar and kitchen were soon arranged, since, being at such a distance from the castle, they were obliged to collect all necessaries around them. Thus the ladies lived above with the child, and from this abode, as from a new central point, unexpected walks were opened. In a higher region they pleasantly enjoyed the free fresh air during the finest weather.

Ottilia's most frequent walk, sometimes alone, sometimes with the child, was down towards the plane trees, upon a commodious foot-path which led to the point where one of the boats was fastened, in which people were in the habit of crossing. She often amused herself by going upon the water but without the child, as Charlotte displayed some anxiety with respect to it. However, she did not fail to visit the gardener daily in the castle-garden, and kindly to participate in his care for the many young plants, all of which now enjoyed the open air.

In this beautiful season, the visit of an Englishman came very opportunely for Charlotte. He had made the acquaintance of Edward upon his travels, and was now curious to see the beautiful laying out of the grounds in commendation of which he had heard

so much. He brought with him a letter of introduction from the count, and, at the same time, introduced a taciturn, but courteous man, as his companion. While, sometimes with Charlotte and Ottilia, sometimes with gardeners and hunters, often with his companion, and frequently alone he wandered about the spot, it might be seen, by his remarks, that he was a lover and *connaisseur* of such plans, and that he himself had carried many into execution. Although advanced in years he took a cheerful interest in everything that conduced to the adornment of life or made it important.

In his presence the ladies first perfectly enjoyed the beauties by which they were surrounded. Every effect made a completely fresh impression on his practised eye, and he took the more delight in what had been created, because he had not known the place before, and could scarcely distinguish what had been done by man from that which had been effected by nature.

We may well say that the park grew and enriched itself through his remarks. He knew, beforehand, what was promised by the new rising plants. Not a spot was left unobserved by him where a beauty could be produced or added. There he pointed out a spring, which, if purified, promised to be the ornament of a whole thicket, here a cave, which, if cleared out and widened, might afford a desirable resting-place, from which, if a few trees were felled, noble masses of rocks, heaped one upon another, might be seen. He congratulated the residents that much was still left for them to do, and besought them not to hurry but to reserve the pleasure of making and arranging for the following year.

In the hours not devoted to social intercourse, he was by no means troublesome, for he employed himself, during the greater part of the day, in seizing and copying, in a portable *camera obscura*, the picturesque views of the park, that he might gain from his travels a beautiful result for himself and others. He had done this for many years in all places of importance, and had thus formed a most agreeable and interesting collection. He showed the ladies a large portfolio, which he carried with him, and entertained them partly with the picture, partly with the explanation. They were delighted, thus, while in their solitude, to travel through the world so commodiously, and to see pass before them banks and harbours, mountains, lakes, and rivers; cities, castles, and many other places which have a name in history.

Each of the ladies felt an interest peculiar to herself. Charlotte's interest was of a more general nature, and was felt for that which was remarkable for some historical reason, while Ottilia especially paused at those places of which Edward had been accustomed to speak much, where he had readily stayed and whether he had often returned, for every man has, near and far, certain local peculiarities which attract him, and which, according to his character, on account of first impressions, certain circumstances or habits are especially dear and exciting to him.

Hence she asked the English lord what place pleased him best, and where he would fix his abode if he had to choose. He was able, in answer to the first question, to show her more than one beautiful spot, and to tell her pleasantly in French (which he pronounced in a manner peculiar to himself) what had befallen him there to endear it to him and render it valuable.

But to the question, where he now usually resided, and whether he must readily return, his answer was indeed quite unembarrassed but unexpected by the ladies.

"I have now accustomed myself to be at home everywhere, and find, at last, nothing more convenient than that others should build, plant, and manage domestic affairs for me. I do not wish myself back in my own possessions, partly from political causes, but chiefly because my son, for whom I have really done and arranged everything, to whom I hoped to give it, and with whom I hoped to enjoy it, takes no interest in anything, but has gone to India, that like many others he may employ his life there in a higher manner, or rather squander it away."

"Assuredly we make far too much preparatory expenditure for life. Instead of beginning at once, by finding ourselves happy in a moderate condition, we go on pursuing something on a larger scale, that we may make it more and more inconvenient. Who now enjoys my building, my park, my gardens? Neither I, nor even mine; strange guests, curious people, restless travellers.

"Even when our means are numerous, we are always only hal

at home, especially in the country, where much to which we have been accustomed in the town is wanting. The book which we most ardently desire is not at hand, and that of which we stand most in need is sure to be forgotten. We are constantly making domestic arrangements, that we may go out again, and if we do not this from our own free will, relations, passions, accidents, necessity, and—what not besides—come into play."

The lord did not suspect how much his friends were affected by these observations. How often do all run this risk, who make a mere general observation, even in a party, with the relations of which they are otherwise acquainted. To Charlotte such a casual offence, even by well-meaning people, was nothing new; and moreover the world lay so plainly before her eyes, that she felt no particular pain, if any one thoughtlessly and inconsiderately compelled her to turn her glances towards some spot connected with painful associations. Ottilia, on the other hand, who in half-conscious youth, rather surmised than saw, and was able, nay forced, to turn away her eyes from that which she would not and could not see—Ottilia, by this familiar discourse, was placed in the most dreadful position; for the pleasant veil was forcibly torn from her, and it seemed to her, as if all that had hitherto been done for the house, garden, park, and the whole surrounding country, had really been in vain; because he to whom all belonged did not enjoy it, because he also, like the guest now present, was forced to wander about the world in the most perilous manner, by those who were dearest and nearest to him. She had accustomed herself to hear and be silent, but this time she sat in the most painful situation, which was rather increased than diminished by the stranger's further discourse, which he continued deliberately, and with a cheerful sort of oddity.

"I now believe," he said "that I am in the right way, for I always look upon myself as a traveller, who renounces much that he may enjoy much. I am accustomed to change, nay, it becomes necessary to me, just as in the opera people are always expecting a new scene, precisely because there have been so many already. I know what I can expect from the best and the worst inn. However good or bad it may be, I never find that to which I have been used, and in the end it comes to the same thing, whether we depend altogether from a natural habit, or from a contingency entirely of our own choice. At any rate, I am not annoyed by anything being lost or misplaced, by my every-day room becoming uninhabitable, because I must have it repaired, or by a favorite cup being broken, so that for a long time I cannot relish any other. I am exalted above all this, and if the house begins to burn over my head, my people leisurely pack everything up, and we go off to court-yard and town. And with all these advantages, when I make an accurate calculation, I have at the end of the year expended no more than it would have cost me at home."

During this description Ottilia, could see only Edward. Now amid privations and hardships he was travelling on unbroken roads, now he was lying in the open air amid danger and want, and in this uncertain and perilous condition was inuring himself to be homeless and friendless—to reject all that he might not lose all. Fortunately the party separated itself for some time. Ottilia found an opportunity of weeping in solitude. No dull pain had affected her more forcibly than this clearness, which she strove to render still clearer, just as we are in the habit of torturing ourselves when once we are in the way to be tortured.

Edward's situation appeared to her so sad, so wretched, that she resolved—cost what it might—to do everything towards reconciling him with Charlotte, to conceal her pain and her love in some quiet place and to baffle them by some kind of activity.

In the meanwhile the lord's companion, a quiet intelligent man, had remarked the mistake in the conversation and had revealed to his friend the similarity of the situations. The lord knew nothing of the position of the family, but the other, whom, indeed, nothing interested on his travels more than the strange events which are brought about by natural and artificial relations, by the conflict of the legal and the unconstrained, of the understanding and reason, of passion and prejudice—the other before their arrival, and still more in the house itself, had made himself acquainted with all that had passed and was still going on.

The lord was sorry but not embarrassed at the circumstance. One must be altogether silent in society, if one would not often fall

into dilemmas of the sort, for not only may important remarks, but the most trifling expressions, accord disharmoniously with the interests of the persons present. "We will set it right again this evening," said the lord, "and avoid all general conversation. Let the party hear some of the many pleasant and significant tales and anecdotes, with which, upon our travels, you have enriched your portfolio and your memory."

But even with the best intentions the visitors did not, on this occasion, succeed in pleasing their friends with a completely harmless conversation; for, after the lord's companion had excited attention and strained the sympathy to the utmost by a number of stories, strange, important, lively, touching, and terrific, he thought to conclude with an incident which was indeed strange, but of a softer character, and little thought how closely it applied to his hearers.

(To be continued.)

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SONNET.

No. XXX.

I dream'd, sweet love, thou wert about to leave me,
When through me shot a sense of deadly pain,
Which fastened with such sharpness on my brain,
I call'd on Death a quick relief to give me:
For when I found that thou, love, couldst not deceive me,
And that thy promises were all in vain,
What could the rest of life be, but a bane
That even with dull agony would grieve me?
When I awoke, how did my heart rejoice
To find that such deep misery was o'er—
That life could, as it were, begin anew;
And then I heard once more that gentle voice;
And then I saw thee smile on me once more—
Promise me, sweet, that dream shall ne'er be true.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From "Freeman's Journal," Sat., April 10.)

On last evening, a scene of uproar occurred in the Music Hall, such as is seldom witnessed in a place of public amusement. On this occasion, as on the previous night, boxes, body of the house, and gallery were thronged to overflowing. The first part of the concert went off with great *éclat*, but in the second part, at the conclusion of Herr Pischeck's celebrated martial song—"The Standard Bearer," (which he executed with a sweetness, power, and finish that enraptured the audience)—the cries of "encore, encore" were uttered most enthusiastically. The audience would not desist—neither would M. Jullien comply. Herr Pischeck appeared at the door, and were we to pronounce our judgment, he was willing to comply, but M. Jullien beckoning him back, would not permit it, and the storm that ensued baffles description. Hissing, yelling, stamping, striking sticks against the floor—in short, every species of opposition was brought to bear against Jullien who was still inexorable. He came to the front of the orchestra, and was heard to say "Herr Pischeck is shyck," and turning round, added—"it is all Mr. Mackintosh's fault letting in a *sixpenny mob*." This, as might be expected, dreadfully exasperated the audience, and the following observation reached us:—"Sir, you treated us the same way last season—our national theatre is deserted to patronise you, and such conduct as you have manifested d—s you for ever in Dublin. On the front of the dress circle, side boxes, and gallery, were in prominent letters—"Jullien's benefit to morrow." These were severed from their fastenings, and dung at Jullien. Upwards of half an hour was thus exhausted while a waltz, a solo on the harp, and the English quadrilles were played in dumb show. At the termination still more resolute dissatisfaction was apparent. Some members of the band at the back of the orchestra used expressions which we did not hear, but the effect was, that a couple of them were roughly handled. A scuffle in the gallery was so furious that it could not be suppressed. The police were set at defiance and could do nothing. A few stentorian organs were unstrung; those who rejoiced in their possession, to avoid the possibility of arrest, leaped into the pit. We finish this hasty sketch of the scene, and regret we have to record that some were so rash and excited as to pelt oranges at the porter while removing the music and instruments from the orchestra. The custom of encoring may be inconvenient, but it is not *unlirish*, *un-English*, or disobeyed on the Continent. We therefore think that M. Jullien was in fault. We cannot, however, acquit the audience. After the provocation by Jullien's refusal, and by his observations about "a

sixpenny mob," indignation might have been expected; but it was carried too far when it degenerated into unmeasured violence, riotousness, and destruction of property. The breaking of music stands, benches, &c., was disgraceful in the extreme, and such, as we are sure, would never have taken place if the audience were not born away by the impulse of the moment.

(From "Freeman's Journal," Monday, April 12.)

The row in the Music Hall on Friday night—a brief narrative of which we gave in our Journal of Saturday—caused quite a sensation. Jullien's benefit, closing his short engagement, took place on Saturday evening, and attracted an immense audience. Some minutes before the usual time the performers assembled in the orchestra; their reception was of an unfavourable character. But, Jullien's own appearance was a signal for a unanimous outburst of indignation and demands on him to account for his outrageous insolence on Friday evening, in daring to call a respectable audience a "sixpenny mob" for the simple cause of insisting on a reasonable demand—the repetition of Herr Pischek's song of the "Standard Bearer." Neither his bows of submission nor the magic of his baton could procure silence, and he at length had recourse to words. He assured the audience solemnly "Herr Pischek" was really very *shy*, and could not undergo the fatigue of an *encore*. That for eight years he had been in the habit of visiting Dublin—and during that period he had always received the greatest kindness, for which he begged to express his gratitude, nothing awkward had ever occurred before; and his anxiety was, and would be, to please his Irish friends. He trusted this explanation would be satisfactory (hisses and cheers). The concert then began with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, which was well executed. A quadrille succeeded, and then Herr Pischek entered the orchestra. Much opposition was exhibited; he smiled, he bowed, he sang his song, and most promptly responded to an *encore*, substituting a Bohemian melody. This restored him to popular favour. At intervals a renewal of disapprobation was directed towards Jullien; but when the concluding piece in the concert, *The Royal Irish Qua'riole*, commenced, the storm was tremendous, and we regret to add that in the fury of the moment a couple of eggs, and several oranges were pelleted at Jullien. Some of the missiles took effect, one of the eggs hit Jullien on the forehead and splashed over his dress; he bore the punishment with great good humour—half the amount of self-command exhibited on the former evening would have carried him through with *éclat*—but his smiles produced no effect on his enraged assailants—the pelting continued, and after a bow M. Jullien deemed it both safe and prudent to withdraw. Each member of the band hastily followed; and the orchestra was taken possession of by a large concourse of persons who gave a loud huzza for "the sixpenny mob." We hardly remember to have witnessed such strange scenes as the proceedings of Friday and Saturday at the Music Hall gave rise to. M. Jullien seemed most desirous on Saturday to be restored to favour with the Dublin audience—but they were most obstinately resolved not to believe him sincere. The practical evidences of a desire to please given in the cheerful response to the *encores* (and everything was encores on Saturday) was as ineffectual as M. Jullien's words. The language of Friday would not be forgotten; and in a desire to maintain their dignity the audience did not see when they had really conquered, but most unhesitatingly pressed on till they became the slaves of their own excitement, and put themselves as much in the wrong as Jullien. A numerous muster of the police was in attendance, whose conciliatory conduct was meritorious. They sought the parties who pelleted the eggs and oranges, and captured some dozen or more "on suspicion." Three young gentlemen figure on the police charge sheet—one, a limb of the law—the second, a student of medicine—the third, a college—doubtless a divinity—student; and will, probably, have to appear before their worship, to account for belonging to the "sixpenny mob." Monsieur Jullien and his band, with Herr Pischek, took their departure for Liverpool yesterday morning.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JULLIEN'S SECOND CONCERT with Herr Pischek, on Tuesday evening last, was not near so successful as the one on Easter Monday, in spite of the additional attraction of the band of the first Royals, still we believe it was well attended.—The east winds and their usual concomitant, a severe cold confined your correspondent at home, or, we should have dearly liked to have heard Pischek's rendering of Beethoven's "Adelaide," although it was written for a tenor voice, and although we have heard it given by a beautiful tenor voice in a style as near perfection as possible, that of Signor Mario. *The Musical World* is read with no little interest now by your subscribers in Manchester, (as well as by all your provincial readers no doubt), the long and admirably written articles on the rival Italian Operas, and the just and impartial criticisms therein are eagerly looked for each week. By the light afforded in your elegant critiques,

we may avoid running our heads against a *Post* on the one hand, or getting mystified by a *Chronicle* on the other. On reading your excellent article on the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, we could not help a longing lingering wish, that we could have been on the next bench in the pit to your D. R. and his *collaborateurs* of the press; however, time and space are something, in these days of rail-roads and express trains even, so we had to content ourselves with the vivid description of the scene presented on that memorable occasion in matters operatical, in your last number. The great topic amongst musical folks here is the coming concert of the Hargreave's Choral Society, on Tuesday next, when the great work of the greatest living composer, the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, is to be performed, conducted by himself. Tickets are at a premium, that is, they would be if they were to be bought at all, but they are only issued to the subscribers, who are literally besieged with applicants for them. The rehearsals are progressing most satisfactorily, and the choruses are spoken of in the highest terms by the privileged few who have heard them, as being of extreme beauty, and striking originality yet, in admirable keeping with the sacred character of the subject. Mendelssohn, not content with the complete success of the work, at its first and only production at the last Birmingham festival when no less than seven pieces were *encored*, has since been striving if possible to render it more and more perfect, so that it would at its second performance to-morrow night at Exeter Hall, no doubt be pronounced faultless, I will render you as usual a faithful account of its production here next week. It is quite expected that the successful performance of "Elijah," will do more to raise the character of the Hargreave's Choral Society, than any work it has yet attempted, and it already ranks first of choral societies out of the Metropolis.

Macready attracted a brilliant and crowded audience to our Theatre Royal on Saturday last, who warmly greeted his first appearance for some years in Manchester, on a stage worthy his great talents. Macbeth was the character, delineated in such a manner as it could not be by any tragedian now on the boards, the audience manifested their deep appreciation of his effort by the most breathless and riveted attention to his acting, and by their hearty applause. This week he is at Liverpool, until Saturday the 17th when he appears in Richelieu, and comes again for five nights on Monday, the 20th instant.

The Madrigalians hold their annual concert or Ladies' night, at the Town Hall, here this evening, but we shall not be well enough to attend.

Manchester, April 15th, 1847.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—We have seldom witnessed a scene of greater excitement and enthusiasm, than we did on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mrs. Nisbett's return to the stage, after an interval of some years. The high degree of favour in which this most charming actress stood with the public, was not the only cause that gave intense interest to her re-appearance; the misfortunes that followed her into domestic retirement, when she left the stage, and ultimately forced her again to have recourse to the old profession, threw a halo around her that awakened sympathy and respect in no ordinary degree. The reception of Mrs. Nisbett, on Monday night, was one of the heartiest and most vehement that could possibly be imagined. The applause must have endured for full three minutes. The moment she appeared, nay before she appeared, for her merry, ringing laugh was heard just before her entrance, the audience recognising it as well as her countenance, the universal peal broke forth, "louder than the loud ocean," and the "house rose at her," as Kean said of himself on one occasion, substituting "me" for "her," and hats waved, and handkerchiefs floated wide, looking like the foam of the tumultuous sea, and hands, and voices, and sticks, and feet, and umbrellas, all were amalgamated into a roaring concert, more energetic than agreeable. Mrs. Nisbett meanwhile responded graciously to these manifestations of favouritism, and curtsied, and bent her head, and placed her hand on her heart, and went through the usual ceremony expected at the hand of those on whom the public condescend to bestow their approval. Mrs. Nisbett we are inclined to think, looked better on Monday night, than we ever saw her. Her countenance, albeit sorrow's clouds have

been dimming it of late, is still lovely, arch, and expressive. Her figure appears to us to have grown somewhat fuller than when we saw her last, and this by no means disimproves her. But how shall we find words to do full justice to her acting? It is impossible to speak of it calmly—"it forestalls criticism." We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to keep within bounds, and if we cannot, we are sure our readers will forgive us this once, seeing the great temptation that wins us from the journalist's required frigidity—*vide—(lucus e non lucendo)* the *Morning Post* and the *Chronicle*. The play selected for Mrs. Nisbett's re-appearance was Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*, to bring out the actress in her original character, Constance. The choice could not be better, as the part of Constance is greatly interesting, and exhibits to perfection the versatile powers of the artist. The comedy of *The Love Chase*, is perhaps the best drama written in our own immediate times. The female characters are drawn with great vigour and discrimination. The character of Constance is entirely new, nor do we remember any part in the drama which might be adduced as conveying a resemblance. Lydia is a beautiful picture, but may be found in numerous novels and sundry plays. The part, however, is written with taste and feeling, and acts as a powerful ingredient in the interest of the piece. We object altogether to that restricted *morale*, to which Mr. Sheridan Knowles invariably pays deferential homage in his dramatic works, which would seem to confine gentle blood and worth to a particular class, make Love himself an aristocrat, and render hearts incompatible in affection unsanctioned by equality of rank and birth. Our readers will call to mind the incident in the *Love Chase*, where Lydia, a poor dependent, is beloved by Master Waller, a scion of blood, who seeks at first her heart by dishonourable means, and being spurned by her with indignation, and discovering her superior worth, offers her his hand. Here is a beautiful incident, conveying an exquisite and pointed moral. But, says Mr. Sheridan Knowles, it will violate the aristocratic decencies of the drama to permit a nobleman to marry a serving-woman—and what will the boxes say, and the ladies who will purchase my play at five shillings. Presto, says Sheridan Knowles, and straight the serving-woman, Lydia, turns up as noble as the young nobleman, and the boxes are pleased, and the ladies like-wise who purchase the play at five shillings, and the author fancies himself a dramatic magician. Now is not this morality something akin to that which induced Nahum Tate, and Colley Cibber, to resuscitate King Lear—by the way we shall not finish the parallel, for, on second thoughts, we can perceive no analogy at all between the two cases. Well—let that pass. The character of the Widow Green is well drawn, but it owes all its colouring to Congreve. Lady Wishfort in the *Way of the World* furnishes the type of the wooing widow in the *Love Chase*. The comic portions of this play are superior to the author's previous or subsequent attempts in that line. They abound in point and touches of humour, and occasionally exhibit the liveliest sallies of wit. But we must return to Constance, whom, some lines above we delivered to the vociferations of the spectators. We never had a briefer, or easier task to accomplish than that of criticising Mrs. Nisbett's performance of Constance in Sheridan Knowles's play, or comedy of *The Love Chase*; and to show the estimation in which we hold our criticism, brief though it will be, we shall print it in capitals. Here it is. Read and believe. MRS. NISBETT'S PERFORMANCE OF CONSTANCE FROM BEGINNING TO END WAS ABSOLUTE PERFECTION. Another critical word after that would injure

our notice. Mrs. Nisbett was cheered tumultuously after the first scene—was called for after the first act, but did not come—was cheered in every part of her performance; and at the end when she did come on, obtained an ovation equal to that consequent on her *entree*. A greater amount of excitement we never knew pervade a theatre before. It seemed the unanimous opinion of all present that Mrs. Nisbett never acted Constance with more exquisite grace, ease, point, and finish. In some instances it was even held that the performance was superior to any former effort of the actress; to which latter opinion we should unhesitatingly offer our assent, did we not preclude ourselves by what we said above, from all further remarks of our own. Mrs. Glover's *Widow Green* is a consummate piece of acting. We need hardly say it was applauded tumultuously. The last scene is one of the greatest efforts of this great artist's, and must live in the memory of all who have seen it. Mrs. Edwin Yarnold played Lydia with much grace and feeling, indeed nothing could be better in its way, the part was conceived and evolved in the true artistic spirit. Mr. Stuart was excellent in the small, but pertinent part of Trueworth, and Mr. Webster was admirable as Wildrake. This is one of Mr. Webster's best characters. He was extremely effective in all his scenes with Constance. Mr. Tilbury was better than usual in Sir William Fondlove. The return of Mrs. Nisbett to the stage will form in future dramatic annals one of the great events of the present century.

FRENCH PLAYS.—A continuous succession of novelties and new actors distinguishes this theatre from all our metropolitan places of amusement. The system seems to be never to allow the frequenters of the St. James's to grow tired of any actor or actress, and whether good, indifferent, or bad, (and thanks to the excellence of the management we have but little, very little of the second and none of the last), stars disappear and charming faces are removed when we love them most and fresh ones are brought forward which gradually efface the regret due to their predecessors, until they, in their turn, give way to a fresh arrival. Since our last we have to record the *debut* of Mademoiselle Duverger, of the *Palais Royal*, in *L'Image*, a most clever and amusing trifle, brought out last year at the Princess's, and in which Madame Vestris played the heroine, now impersonated by the new actress at the St. James's. The title of the English version, if we remember rightly, was 'A Speaking Likeness.' Mademoiselle Duverger was eminently successful in her representation of the young lady disguised as a country girl, and without laying aside aught of her own native elegance and grace, she completely identified herself with the simplicity and rusticity of the part she had undertaken to play, and entirely won us over by some natural touches of feeling and by her easy, unassuming manners. We have also had *Un Roman Intime, ou, Les Lettres d'un Mari*, played for the first time in this country, in which Mademoiselle Rose Chéri and M. Rhozevil played together. It is in one act and consists of a few scenes between a young married couple, the wife of a somewhat flighty and romantic turn, the husband much attached to his wife, but of a more positive character, who aware of his wife's *foible* endeavours to work a reform by writing several romantic love-letters purporting to come from an anonymous admirer. This expedient produces several mystifications and is followed by the desired effect. We were pleased with both the actress and actor but confess they both have talents which merit a better field in which to display them. On Monday Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Albert visited the theatre and *Clarisse Harlowe* was postponed to give way to

Un Changement de Main and *La Protégée sans le Savoir*, noticed in our last. *Geneviève, ou la Jalousie Paternelle*, is more sentimental than interesting, and turns entirely upon the love of a father for his daughter, so excessive that he fears every man who shows any pretensions to her hand. This leads to a variety of plotting on his part to counteract the pretensions of her lovers and more particularly a certain colonel to whom she shows a certain amount of affection, and in proposing in his room a creature of his own, Adrien, his first clerk. Everything succeeds according to his wish, and the marriage takes place. In this piece there is but little room for any great display of feeling but Mademoiselle Rose Chéri made the best of the part and earned applause by her quiet and interesting demeanour. Cartigny was excellent as the father.

CONCERTS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The third concert took place on Monday night, in the Hanover-square Rooms. The attendance was very full, and the old form of programme was restored on this occasion, to the great satisfaction of the majority of the audience. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, Op. 88 (never performed at these concert)	Mozart
Duetto, "Dove vai," Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache, (Guglielmo Tell)	Rossini.
Concerto, F minor, Op. 19, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett	Bennett.
Terzetto, "Tremate," Madam Caradori Allan, Mr. Manvers, and Signor F. Lablache	Beethoven.
Overture, Preciosa	C. M. von Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Recit { "Plaisirs du rang suprême"	
Air { "Celui que j'aime" (La Muette de Portici), Mad. Caradori Allan	Auber.
Concertante, in A, Op. 48, two violins, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Willy	Spohr.
Overture, Lodoiska	Cherubini.
Conductor, Mr. Costa.	

Mozart's symphony bears all the evidence of having been an early work of the composer. The Op. 88 merely refers to the order of its publication, which occurred subsequent to the death of the author. It was, nevertheless, new to the subscribers—a fact which is by no means creditable to the policy pursued by the various mis-directors, who have, from time to time, been elected to sway the destinies of the society. The score is by no means a rarity, being printed in the same form as the six great symphonies which are acknowledged out of the thirty-three that the composer produced. The symphony is in three movements, without a *scherzo*. It was most probably written for some small band in one of the obscurer German towns, and was very probably produced in a hurry by Mozart to satisfy the exigencies of life. The first movement, *allegro assai*, in D, is very simple; but there is a great charm in the transparent clearness with which it is instrumented. The first part is very long; the second part very short; the *coda* animated and effective. The subjects are pleasing, but not striking. The *andante* in F is very short and unaffected, presenting few characteristics that call for special observation. The *finale* is the most elaborate movement of the three, and is further interesting from the fact, that two passages—one from the trio in the second act of the composer's *Don Juan*, the other from the splendid *cantata* "Resta o Cora," are contained in it. The symphony was well played throughout. The *finale* was encored, but Signor Costa declined repeating it. The *andante* was not encored, but Signor Costa repeated it, we presume for his own amusement and the exercise of the band. We remarked, however, in the performance of the slow movement, the absurd exaggerations of the *rinforzando*, of which we have frequently complained, and which is one of the crying defects of Signor Costa's conducting. The duet "Dove vai," one of the finest things in *Guillaume Tell*, was spoiled by being transposed from E to E flat; but was otherwise well given by the vocalists. Why do our orchestras persist in sharpening the pitch to such an unwarranted extent? A piece written by Handel in E, is now in F at least, and must consequently lose its character; not to mention the diminution of the brilliancy resulting from the extreme tension of the strings. Sterndale Bennett's

fourth concerto is, perhaps, his best. Few better have been written for the instrument. It is full of genius, and finished with elaborate perfection. It was altogether a great treat, and the author performed it in that masterly and impressive style that has long placed him in the first rank of modern pianists. The applause was enthusiastic throughout. The light, catching overture to *Preciosa* was well played. The C minor of Beethoven, which has been terribly hacked at these concerts, was the least satisfactory performance of the evening. There were many errors in the times of the movements, many exaggerations of expression, and not a few blunders on the part of the principal wind instruments. With all the infallibility that some critics attempt to fasten upon Signor Costa, we have heard this great symphony much better performed, not only at the Philharmonic, but elsewhere. Messrs. Blagrove and Willy played Spohr's concertante, a clever, but dry composition, capitally, and the overture to *Lodoiska*, one of the best of Cherubini's second-rates, was excellently rendered. Of the rest of the vocal music we have little more to say. The trio by Beethoven was rendered ineffective by the boisterous loudness of the accompaniments: and the air from Auber's *La Muette* had much better have been omitted, since it neither suited the singer nor the *locale*; out of a theatre it loses nearly all its charm. By the way, is there no such thing to be obtained as a *contra fugotto*? The ophicleide, which was substituted, half ruined the *finale* of the C minor, and was a positive nuisance. The audience commenced taking their departure at the beginning of Spohr's concertante, and continued annoying and inconveniencing those who were desirous of hearing what remained to be performed, until the whole was over. Some remedy might surely be found for these rude and barbarous demonstrations of egotism, which of late have become too frequent.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—Mr. Ella's second meeting was honored by a more numerous attendance of nobility and fashion than his first. There were also many artists and amateurs of note present. There was nothing very new in the selection, as the following will show:—

Quintet in D, No. 5, two violins, viola, and two violoncellos	Onslow.
Trio in E. flat Op. 70, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.....	Beethoven.
Quartet in D, No. 10, two violins, viola, and violoncello	Mozart.
Executants. First Violin, Mr. Delfoffe. Second Violin, Mr. Goffrie. Tenor, Mr. Hill. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Viola, Mr. Piel. Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay & Son.	

The quintet of Onslow, a very ingenious and equally uninteresting composition, was well played on the whole, but produced no great impression. The point of interest was Piatti's beautiful delivery of a *cantando* phrase in the slow movement, and this was well entitled to the applause it received. The trio of Beethoven is a composition of such originality and intricacy as demands absolutely three first rate players to do it justice. Mr. Lindsay Sloper is a first-rate pianist, and played his share of the trio as finely as the most fastidious connoisseur could have desired. Nothing could be more charming and unaffected than his expression, and nothing more brilliant, certain and polished than his execution. But we cannot award equal praise to his coadjutors, who, in tone, decision, style and mechanism, are somewhat in the rear of what is desirable for a composition of such elaboration, variety and energy. They are good artists, nevertheless, and it is always a pleasure to us when we can conscientiously award them that praise which justice compels us at least to qualify on this occasion. The quartet of Mozart was a performance of average quality. With such an excellent second violin as Goffrie, and such a perfect tenor as Hill, there was not likely to be much fault to find; but there seemed to us a want of that grandeur of style and irreproachable execution which the lavish encomiums bestowed by Mr. Ella (beforehand) in his "Record," would have led us to expect, had we been simple amateurs, like our excellent friend of *The Chronicle*, ready to swallow, without wincing, the tremendous doses of eulogy which the director of the Musical Union administers through the medium of that sheet. We have elsewhere discussed what we take the liberty to think a demonstration of equivocal taste on the part of that worthy and enterprising gentleman, and so shall drop the subject here. On the whole the performance gave pleasure. One of its greatest recommendations was its brevity.

THE GREENWICH AND BLACKHEATH AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their third concert in the Railway Station Room, on

Friday evening, the 9th inst, providing a capital band, an admirable selection of music, and excellent interpreters. Miss Dolby and Mr. Kench were the vocalists; Mr. Benedict performed on the piano, and M. Barret on the oboe. Mr. Dando acted as leader, and Mr. Benedict conducted all the vocal music. The instrumental performances comprised three overtures, "Der Freyshutz," "Semiramide," and "Zampa," and the C minor (No. 5) symphony of Beethoven. Miss Dolby sung three songs, and Mr. Kench four; but the lady, notwithstanding, sang oftener than the gentleman, she was encored twice. The performance gave very great satisfaction. We trust this society will succeed in its endeavours to disseminate music of the best kind among the intermediate classes. By providing such entertainments as the one we have just noticed, worthy of commendation in every respect, they must progress; and we shall lend them all the assistance in our power to further the interests of their society.

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS—Mr. Wilson commenced a new series of his vocal illustrations of Scottish manners and character on Monday evening, in the Music Hall, Store-street. The entertainments comprised several new features, among which we may name two Irish songs, one of great pathos, and the other of great humour. Nearly every song in the first part was encored. Burns's exquisite lyric, "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," was given with immense effect by Mr. Wilson. It was impossible to render it with more feeling and expression. The singer was most deservedly encored twice. We were much pleased with the humorous old song, "My Joe Janet," in the form of a dialogue, which was sung by Mr. Wilson with great point and vivacity. Several old friends, not the less welcome for being old, were also given during the performance, and the entertainment finished with "Green grow the rashes, O" Mr. Land attended at the pianoforte.

Mr. A. SEDGWICK, the performer on the concertina, gave a concert, in conjunction with the Apollonic Society, at the Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, on Monday evening, the 12th instant, when he was ably assisted by Misses Cubitt, Ellen Lyon, Sara Flower, Mrs. Ellis, Messrs. Allen, Sporle, Giubelai, Shoubridge, Robinson, G. and H. Buckland, Julian, Reach, &c. The instrumentalists being Messrs. Frederick Chatterton, Zerbini, Wells, Davies, Stessell, and Sedgwick, on the harp, violin, flute, cornet, xylo cordeon, and concertina, all of whom acquitted themselves in their best manner. The great fault was the immense length of the programme, which the enthusiasm of a crowded audience much increased by their anxiety to encore their especial favorites. Miss Ellen Lyon, who is fast rising in public estimation, gained a most deserved and hearty encore in "Even as the sun," with concertina accompaniment obligato, by Mr. Beneficiare, who received similar compliment in his solo on Paganini's "Witches' Dance," which he answered, according to the present fashion, by substituting the serenade from "Don Pasquale." The other encores were Miss Sara Flower, Mr. Sporle, Mr. Allen, Mr. J. Kench, Herr Stessell, and, lastly, Mr. George Buckland, in John Parry's song of "Matrimony," who responded to it by singing "Jack and the Beanstalk," a very clever song of his own arrangement. Mr. A. Sedgwick presided at the piano-forte.—*From a Correspondent.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday this establishment re-opened its doors to the public, after a fortnight's holiday. But, though the doors were closed during Passion week and its Easter successor, there was no cessation from labour within the walls of the theatre, as the result will show.

On Saturday we were exulting in the expectation of the pleasure we were going to derive from Donizetti's comic masterpiece, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, with Gardoni's Nemorino and Lablache's Dulcamara; but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment, the great Lablache was hoarse and the *Elisir* could not be played. In its place was substituted *I Due Foscari*, an opera by Verdi, which had never been performed. Thought we, as we wended our way to the theatre, gloomy with anticipations of Verdi—"Surely there will be an intolerable mess—the *Foscari* can never be in a fit state for public performance—twenty-four hours is not enough to paint

the scenes, make the dresses, rehearse the music, and teach the principals—the band and chorus will be sadly at variance—Balfe will be in a rage and throw his *baton* at some unlucky chorister, or some miserable trumpeter, who shall come in a bar too soon or late—there will be confusion worse confounded." But we were out in our reckoning. The instant Balfe entered the orchestra, it was evident from the air of confidence that played upon his good-humoured countenance that all was right, and that he and his new-formed band of Huns and Vandals were ripe for mischief. So it turned out. The opera was played from beginning to end better than anything that has preceded it during the season, and the success was great, in spite of the music.

We shall say nothing of the plot of *I Due Foscari*. Everybody has read, or should have read, Byron's *The Two Foscari*. Those who have read it will know as much as we can tell them. Those who have not read it are well recompensed for their shameful indifference to one of our great poet's finest works by being left in the dark. We shall tell them nothing about it—not a syllable. We hate more trouble than is necessary, and above all abominate the task of recounting a plot; it is an intolerable bore—and, what is worse, no one reads it when it is done. (No offence to our excellent collaborer J. de C—e, whose relations of plots are models of writing, and will be read, for reasons, independent of the subject involved in their discourse).

The principal characters in the opera were thus distributed:—Lucretia, Madame Montenegro; Jacopo Foscari, Signor Fraschini; Francesco Foscari, Signor Coletti; and Loredano, Signor Bouché.

Madame Montenegro, who paid a flitting visit to this country last year, produced a highly favourable sensation in the character of Lucretia, for which her handsome person, dignified carriage, and servid manner admirably fit her. This lady's voice is a *soprano*, rather of sweet than powerful quality, of extensive range and considerable flexibility. She vocalises easily and neatly, and her style, animated and expressive, is devoid of all affectation and redundancy. In short, her Lucretia was, throughout, an unpretending and charming performance, which pleased as much by natural grace and the absence of effort, as by its truthful experience and vocal faultlessness. Madame Montenegro will always be welcome to the habitués of Her Majesty's Theatre. Her talent is of that pleasing and winning kind that is sure to attract a host of admirers, who from pure sympathy will be warm in her cause. Being, also, a lady by birth, and enjoying the advantages of education and society, there is a refined taste in all she does which is of itself a great recommendation.

Signor Bouché's sonorous voice and manly style were precisely suited to the part of the stern and uncompromising Loredano, and his performance gained him another laurel to add to those he has already won so well.

Fraschini came out in Jacopo Foscari in a style that completely won the admiration and applause of the audience. His acting was sensible and effective. His singing was entirely devoid of that exaggerated declamation that we have had occasion, hitherto, to discommend. Fraschini has found out the secret that the vociferous shouting which raises the enthusiasm of the Neapolitan will not do for the Londoners, whose more refined and severer taste asks for higher qualities of style than the mere *ad captandum* exhibitions of strength of lungs. His singing gains one hundred per cent by the change. He has proved his ability to execute the softer passages *mezza voce*—and that is a quality which was denied to his talent—unjustly, as the sequel shows.

But the triumph of the evening was for Coletti, who, in the character of the Doge, evinced the highest vocal and histrionic capabilities. Half his continental celebrity traces from his masterly delineation of this character, which would seem to have been written with an express view to display the quality and register of his magnificent baritone. There can now be no dispute about the capabilities of this artist, whose merits are so evident that even the *Morning Chronicle* is compelled to acknowledge them in warm terms. In the first two acts of the opera the dignity of the Venetian noble was finely preserved in all its unbending sternness, which made the gush of anguish and passionate tenderness in the last scene all the more effective. The air, "Questa è d'unque," was deservedly *encored*; it was very finely sung, and, indeed, the whole scene was a triumph of vocal and dramatic art. We have seldom witnessed more enthusiastic and unanimous demonstrations of approval. Signor Coletti appeared thrice before the curtain at the end; the audience seemed never tired of calling for him. The opera was applauded throughout. Not only was Coletti honoured by re-calls and *encores*, but similar honours were lavishly conferred upon the other artists—Fraschini, Bouché, and Madame Montenegro. The success of *I due Foscari* must be attributed entirely to the principal singers, and to the complete efficiency of Balfé, his band, and his chorus, which came out with unwonted power. The music of Signor Verdi is trash of the flimsiest description—beneath criticism—it offers no one point of musicianship, no one gleam of fancy. To talk of *genius* in reference to such worthless rubbish would be downright impiety. Is is utterly destitute of claims to any kind of notice.

On Thursday we had one of those varied and lengthy performances of opera and *ballet* commingled, for which Her Majesty's Theatre is famous. The house was immensely crowded. The performances included the opera of *I Puritani*, a new *ballet* for Lucile Grahn, called *Orithia*, and a *Divertissement* of sundry dances between the second and third acts of the opera. The events that signalized the performance of *I Puritani* (on the whole the least perfect representation of the present season) were the return of the inimitable Lablache in the character of Sir George, and Gardoni's first appearance in the character of Lord Talbot. Lablache's reception was tremendous, the cheering lasted for several minutes. He was in fine voice, and having quite recovered from his hoarseness, sang and acted as magnificently as ever. Poor Gardoni was suffering from indisposition. The unexpected change of the weather seems to have afflicted the Italian vocalists with an epidemic. Gardoni is not infallible, and like Ronconi and Tamburini fell a victim to the hostile temperature. Nevertheless though his power was impaired and his certainty of vocalising slightly perilled, no one could fail to be enchanted by that graceful tenderness of expression which gives so great a charm to his singing. This was exerted to eminent advantage in the "A te o cara," which was unanimously *encored*, in the duet of the last act, and best of all in the pleasing *aria*, "Ell a tremanté," which Gardoni delivered with exquisite purity and taste. Madame Castellan and Coletti, in Elvira and Sir Richard Forth, were satisfactory in all respects. That the lady should fail to make a great effect in one of the favourite parts of Grisi is nothing to her discredit. Madame Castellan is a careful and zealous artist, and whatever she does is marked by sensibility and intelligence. Coletti's greatest point was the noisy duet, "Suono la tromba," with Lablache, the *cabaletta* of which obtained its customary *encore*. The subordinate parts of the opera were respectably sustained, and the band and chorus were energetic and untiring. The

four principals were re-called at the fall of the curtain amidst loud cheers.

The *divertissement* between the second and third acts consisted of a *danse d'ensemble* for the *corps de ballet*, oddly designated *Deutsche Rhain*, an impossible application of the German tongue; the brilliant *pas de deux* from *Coralia*, by Rosati and Paul Taglioni, in which Rosati was *encored* in one of her variations, and a new version of the *Cracovienne*, by Marie Taglioni, called "Posmania." This was a great attraction. To see quaint little unconscious Marie in a new dress was worth a whole *ballet* of itself. Her hair too, platted, and hanging behind in two long tails, gave a new reading to her charmingly original physiognomy. And then, how coquettishly, without having a notion of what is coquetry, she wore the Polish peasant's hat, picturesque in itself, but ravishing on such a pretty little head, so odd, so unlike heads in general, and yet so thoroughly bewitching. Her dancing was quite in her own style, distinct from all other dancing, but yielding to none other in merit. It was simple, unaffected and natural, and withal a thing by itself for which it were vain to seek a comparison. What wonder, then, that the audience should re-call her as the curtain fell and applaud her vehemently as she was led on the stage by her excellent progenitor, M. Paul Taglioni, who composed "Posmania" expressly for her? It was no wonder at all, but inevitable.

The new *ballet* is entitled *Orithia*. The subject and its development may be gathered from the following, which we have extracted from the elegant *brochure* that is nightly distributed in the boxes and pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, and of which we have already spoken.

"It is night. We are in the camp of the Amazons and of their Queen, Marthesia. As a distant sound of the horn is heard, the warriors awake; day appears, and they salute the sun. The horn approaches; it announces the arrival of Orithia, the Queen's niece, who returns triumphant from her combats with the Massagetes, bearing on her arm the buckler of their chief Alceis, whom she brings a prisoner. The Queen celebrates this victory by dances, and ordains a royal chase, to the conqueror in which the buckler of Alceis is decreed. The Amazons hasten with delight towards the forest. Silence reigns once more within the camp, when the Prince Alceis enters it at the peril of his life. He loves Orithia, and what is peril to him if it bring him near the object of his love! His buckler, raised as a trophy, strikes his sight; he seizes it; and is about to destroy it, when the Amazons, carried by the chase towards the camp, appear. He hides himself behind a rock whence he can see without being seen. The huntresses depart. Orithia, still haunted by the recollection of the Prince, then arrives and contemplates the trophy, which reminds her of Alceis. She shudders at the idea that this token may become the prize of another. She is about to return into the forest, when the prince appears. The Amazon recoils affrighted. Alceis then declares his love, and to what it has impelled him. Orithia entreats her lover to fly from the implacable law which condemns to death every man who dares to enter the camp. Alceis refuses. Isipathe, the Queen's favorite, has remarked the trouble of her mistress, and, having followed her, has been a witness of this scene. At a signal, the Amazons hasten with Marthesia, who bitterly reproaches her niece for having betrayed her oath. She then orders the punishment of the captive at the tomb raised to the memory of Argapessa, her husband, killed by the King of the Scythians. Orithia supplicates; her companions join in her prayers, but the Queen is obdurate. Alceis then is doomed; but on approaching the mausoleum where he is to be sacrificed, he sees the name of his father inscribed thereon. Seizing his buckler, he pushes a spring, and the following inscription appears:—"Argapessa to his son Alceis." Marthesia is, then, his mother! The coldness of the Queen and the sternness of the Amazon give place to the warm gush of maternal love. Marthesia pardons, and Alceis becomes the happy captive of his Orithia.

How well this character of Orithia, the Amazon, is suited to the daring impetuous Lucile Grahn, may be readily imagined. Her dancing was first-rate, and in one of her most surprising steps she was *encored* with acclamations. Paul Taghoni acted and danced capitally, in the character of the

Prince. There was only one scene, the camp of the Amazons, but this was well worthy the graphic and masterly brush of Marshall. The dresses and decorations were superb. The fault in this *ballet-divertissement* is that there is too much uninteresting grouping, profitless walking about, and concerted posture-making. Half of it might be cut out with advantage. The *ballet* would gain by it, and the superb dancing of Lucile Grahn would be doubly appreciated. As it was, however, the success was unquestionable, and M. Paul Taglioni reversed the maxim "the third time is never like the rest," having achieved three triumphs in succession.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—(From our Correspondent.)—The legitimate drama is in the ascendant. We have the Misses Cushman here, whose exquisite performances afford us rich and rare treats. There are many actors on the stage who do not give so gentlemanly performances (no joking intended) as Miss Cushman in the male parts, with such of feeling, such passion, and yet no ranting. Miss Susan Cushman need only follow (as she bids fair to do) in her sister's footsteps, to become one of the brightest ornaments of the English stage. Miss C.'s performance of Meg Merilius was a most decided hit, and created quite a furore. Not too much praise can be given to our intelligent manager, Mr. Cunningham, who, though not always sufficiently rewarded by our good Belfast citizens, lets no opportunity pass to engage the London stars, and to make the performances here worthy of the best provincial theatre.—T. P.

DUBLIN.—(Saunders' News Letter, April 7).—The concert given last evening by the members of the University Choral Society, was a most interesting one; the selection good, the execution truly effective, and the attention of the audience continued engaged until the close of the concert. The first part consisted of Andreas Romberg's music to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Hartz and other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers, from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and felicity of expression in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly form an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life with which the sounds of the bell are connected. The connecting links of the chant are taken up by the "master bell-founder," which part was well sustained by the amateur who sang on the occasion, and who possesses a voice of good quality. The solo for the treble, "Hark, 'tis some birthday's joyful meeting," was sung with judgment and fervor by Master Shepperd of the College choir, and met with an encore. The tenor solo that followed fell rather listless on the ear, the vocalist who sang it scarcely making his voice audible above the accompaniment. He was more successful in the solo "Though passion may fly." The chorus "In fertile womb of earth confiding," was rendered with ability. Another chorus "The Master when the mould destroying," was rendered with fidelity and spirit. The second part of the concert opened with a chorus of pilgrims from Verdi's opera *I Lombardi*, a novelty here, and admirably rendered both by the vocalists and the orchestra, received a warm encore. In the fantasia for the violoncello, the subjects of which were selected from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mr. Pivott displayed a facile execution and beauty of style that elicited repeated bursts of applause. One of the novelties was the appearance of Mr. Glover, a pupil of Mr. Magrath's; his voice is charming and of extensive range. His solo, "Una voce," was effective, but in the air of Sir John Stevenson's, harmonized by Mr. Magrath, "Oh, green are the groves," he was heard with greater advantage. The other parts were sustained with judgment. The orchestra was efficient, and the whole concert passed off satisfactorily.

LIVERPOOL.—Jullien's concerts have attracted as great audiences as at Manchester last week. The addition of Pischek, the German vocalist, to the regular instrumental forces, has greatly enhanced the interest of the performances. It is expected that Jullien will clear an immense sum by his trip.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent)—The Musical Public are indebted to Mr. H. Nicholson the Flautist of this town, for a great treat on Monday evening last, in the engagement of the inimitable and unrivalled "John Parry," who sang his favourite songs with the greatest success. He also with his accustomed kindness sang an extra song not

announced in the programme, in lieu of one which the principal female vocalist (Mrs. Millar, who was unaccountably absent) was put down for. An orchestra of about thirty played with great spirit, the overtures to Men of Prometheus, Auber's *Lac des Fees*, and a grand selection from "I Lombardi." The other performers were (vocal) Miss Deacon, Mrs. Rowlett Messrs. Weykes, Banister, &c. (instrumental) Messrs. Nicholson, Gill, Adcock &c. &c. We were glad to see the room crowded.

THE HARMONIUM.—Under this name a New Musical Instrument has been introduced to the public of this city, by Mr. Julian Adams (the pianist) who has been performing on it with great success, and will continue to play during the week. The chief excellence of this instrument, consists in its *sweetness of tone* and *remarkable power of expression*, we may compare it, as to volume and richness of sound, to the organ, while in purity and delicacy, it rivals the strains of the cremona. Mr. Julian Adams evinced extraordinary ability in his performances, and was heartily applauded.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

BATH.—Messrs. Green and Simms of the Pump Room, engaged Mr. Julian Adams on Saturday last, to perform in the Promenade Concerts on the patent Harmonium. Mr. Julian Adams' performances were received with great applause, as well on account of the excellence of the performance, as the novelty of the instrument on which he played. Mr. Adams played a grand *fantasia* or *airs* from *Norma* and an Austrian air and brilliant variations with orchestral accompaniments. Both the pieces were highly effective, and exhibited the qualities and peculiarities of the new instrument, (the patent harmonium) admirably. Mr. Julian Adams also performs at the Promenade Concerts on Tuesday, Thursday, and concludes this evening his engagement at Bath.

BRISTOL.—(From our Correspondent)—Mr. H. C. Cooper's annual concert was held on Monday evening, at the Victoria Rooms, which was thronged with all the rank and fashion of Bristol and the surrounding neighbourhood. The entertainment was excellent in every respect, comprising compositions by the great masters, with *morceaux* of a more popular kind, while the executants, vocal and instrumental, numbered some of the choicest in the metropolis. The principal vocalists were Miss Bassano, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Novello, and Mr. Lockey. Mr. Vincent Wallace was the pianist and conductor. Mr. Julian Adams performed on the patent harmonium. The orchestra was principally composed of the same artists and amateurs who performed with so much success at the concerts lately given by the Bristol and Clifton "Conservatoire Musique" society. Mr. Cooper's concert was held under the most distinguished patronage, including among its supporters the names of the Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. F. H. F. Berkely, M. P., W. Miles, Esq., M. P., the High Sheriff and the Mayor, together with upwards of one hundred influential residents of Bristol, and Bath, and adjoining places. The concert opened with Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio*, well played by the band, though not altogether faultlessly. The performances must be noticed briefly. Miss Bassano, Miss Hawes, and Mr. Lockey gave a very pretty trio, by Curschmann, with great applause. Mr. Lockey sang deliciously. He has a charming tenor voice, and is in immense favour with us here, as well as at Bath. We have not forgotten the impression he made at the Birmingham Festival. The chief feature of the entertainment was undoubtedly Mr. Vincent Wallace's performance on the piano-forte. He excited great interest among the audience, which his personal appearance enhanced in a high degree. His playing was uproariously applauded. His execution is very brilliant and precise, and he possesses a style at once bold and dashing, which is very attractive. The "forte" passages exhibited great power in the executant, while the "pianos" were managed with singular grace and delicacy. Mr. Wallace played two "fantasias" of his own composition both of which have great merit as works for the piano-forte. The "Cracorienne" fantasia is certainly one of the most striking *morceaux* we ever heard performed in a concert room. Mr. Julian Adams bore away immense applause by his performance of an air with brilliant variations. Mr. H. C. Cooper was very effective in his violin performances, and was tremendously cheered in a solo of De Beriot's. We have not much room for more. The singers acquitted themselves in their usual mode of excellence, and the concert terminated with Weber's "Jubilee" overture. Mr. Vincent Wallace conducted all the music, and Mr. H. C. Cooper officiated as leader.

DR. MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO ELIJAH.

It is not likely that our readers have forgotten the triumph of this greatest work of the greatest composer now living, at the Birmingham Festival, last August. Since the production of "St. Paul," the composer's first oratorio, in 1836, at the Rhenish Triennial Festival, held at Dusseldorf, no single work of any modern author, has been known to excite so much curiosity and interest as "Elijah." That "St. Paul" was a great work, the opinion of the

opinion of the whole musical community had long before testified. The lapse of ten years, however, was likely to have produced a considerable change in the style of the composer, who, when "St. Paul," was produced, was only twenty-six years of age, and could hardly be presumed to have arrived at the meridian of his intellect. This was reasonable, and "Elijah" has proved it to be true. Though not longer than "St. Paul," the new oratorio is on a larger and a grander scale. The movements are more important and more carefully developed. To outdo "St. Paul" in loveliness of melody and freshness of idea were impossible, and in "Elijah" there is nothing impossible. But it is as the offspring of ripe maturity compared with the issue of burning and aspiring youth. Genius has perfected what Genius had long ago conceived. Genius is ever young, but it is not in the exercise of all its functions until Experience takes it by the hand, and points out the path that it should go.

In despite of the immense success which "Elijah" achieved at Birmingham last Autumn, Mendelssohn, not easily pleased, was unsatisfied with his work, and has employed the whole of his time from that period up to the present moment, in revising and perfecting the score. A short survey of the pieces that have been retouched, in a more or less degree, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The opening recitative of "Elijah," "As God the Lord," and the overture which immediately follows it, remain in their original form. The latter part of the chorus of the people, "Help, Lord!" has been re-written. The recitative chorus, "The deeps afford no water," has received some slight alterations at the close. The duet and chorus, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer," remains as before. The recitative, "Ye people," and the air, "If with all your hearts," has received some trifling emendations. The chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not;" and the recitative of the angel, "Elijah, get thee hence," remain as they were originally. The latter part of the double quartet, "For He shall give his angels charge over thee," has been re-written entirely. The recitative of the angel, "Now Cherith's brook is dried up," has been slightly altered. The scene between the widow and Elijah, in which the woman prays the prophet to cure her sick son, and the prophet consents, has been entirely recomposed, although the prominent features of the original version may be traced throughout. A short duet, for the widow and Elijah, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," has been added to this scene, and the improvement is manifest. The general character of the chorus "Blessed are the men who fear him," remains the same, but it has been rescored, and there are several important emendations. The recitatives and choral responses which constitute the scene between Elijah, Ahab, and the people have been altered in some particulars, and in one point, the preparation for the King's entry, we think, with deference not for the better. In the superb choruses of the Baalite priests and the intervening recitatives of Elijah, there are few if any changes—at least none that we could observe. Elijah's recitative and air, "Draw near all ye people" has been altered slightly. The quartet "Corale of angels" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" has also been mended in several points, and the words, by Mr. Bartholomew, are entirely new. Elijah's recitative, "O Thou, who makest thine angels," is slightly altered, and the chorus of the people, "The fire descends from heaven," has been modified in detail, though none of the leading points are changed. Elijah's recitative "Take all the prophets of Baal," and the chorus of the people to the same words remain unchanged. Elijah's air, "Are not His words like a fire?" and the *contralto* air which follows, "Woe unto them," have both been re-touched. A recitative for Obadiah, "O man of God," is new. The scene for Elijah, the people, and the youth who goes to look for rain, with the stupendous chorus at the end, "Thanks be to God," is left precisely as it was before, Mendelssohn having found it impossible to improve *perfection*.

In the air for soprano, "Hear ye Israel," and the chorus which follows, "Be not afraid," the general ideas remain as before, but several parts are reconstructed and some are wholly new. Elijah's recitative, "The Lord hath exalted thee," has also received some slight emendations. The scene of the Queen (Jezabel) and the people, consisting of recitatives and choral responses has been re-written throughout, and much improved. The same may be

said of the chorus, "Woe to him," which follows. Obadiah's recitative, "Man of God," is entirely new, while the response of Elijah, "Though stricken," remains unaltered. Elijah's air, "It is enough," has been re-composed on its original plan, and the recitative, "See now he sleepeth," has also been reconstructed. The trio for angels, "Lift thine eyes," was originally a duet; in its present form it may be regarded as quite new. The chorus of angels, "He, watching over Israel," has been slightly retouched. The recitative for the angel and Elijah, commencing with the words, "Arise Elijah," has been re-written entirely. The *contralto* air, "O rest in the Lord," remains as before. The chorus "He that shall endure," ditto, ditto. The recitative for Elijah and the angel, beginning "Night falleth round me," has been altered, and the awful chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passed by" has been carefully retouched. A recitative, "Above him stood the seraphim," which follows, is quite new, and produces a very fine effect. The quartet and chorus of angels, "Holy, holy, holy," is as before. A recitative chorus, "Go return upon thy way," and Elijah's response, "I go on my way," are both new. Elijah's air, with oboe obligato, "For the mountains shall depart," has been very slightly changed. The chorus, "Thus did Elijah," has been retouched in several places. The air "Then shall the righteous" has not been altered. The recitative, "Behold God hath sent Elijah," and the subsequent chorus, "But the Lord from the north," have both been retouched in several places. The quartet "O come every one that thirsteth" remains as before. The final chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," consisting of an introduction and fugue, are entirely new, both in words and music, the first version having been discarded. We shall give a full and succinct account of the performance next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.—After all, we have got this great violinist for this season. He arrived on Tuesday, in company with Dr. Mendelssohn, his friend and master. We trust the Philharmonic will not let him go without hearing him once more.

CERITO, ST. LEON, AND PERRON.—The choreographic stars of Her Majesty's Theatre are beginning to shine in great number. The above three celebrities arrived in London on Tuesday.

VIEUXTEMPS, whose recent triumphs at St. Petersburg were recorded two numbers back, is expected in London to-day.

BALFE.—In eulogizing the readiness with which, "*I due Foscari*," was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, when *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was compelled to be delayed, owing to the indisposition of Lablache, *The Times* of Monday, in an admirably written article, pays a just tribute to the merits of Mr. Balfe, the indefatigable conductor. The writer says, that "To be in such a state of forwardness with one work as to produce it directly the chance of another fails, is an instance of good generalship that might everywhere be imitated with advantage. Let a special meed of praise be awarded to Mr. Balfe, who, at the shortest notice, was able to summon round him all the persons under his direction. From the commencement of the present season, the conduct of Mr. Balfe amid circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, has been distinguished by an ability and indefatigable zeal, perhaps without parallel. His band is not only under his conduct, but may be almost said, to be of his tuition." This is nothing more than true, and nothing less than just.

STAUDIGL.—This great *basso* has arrived, and will shortly appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Jenny Lind.

MADAME CLARE HENNELLE.—This clever and popular vocalist will arrive in London, for the season, on the 25th inst. Her success in Paris during the winter has been unusually brilliant. She has frequently sung at the court in presence of the royal family, and at the best of the benefit

concerts her name has figured conspicuously. Her friends here will be delighted to welcome her back, for few in her calling are more privately respected, and probably esteemed, than Madame Cläre Hennelle. She will be accompanied by her charming daughter, Mdlle. Blanche Hennelle, who is also, we believe, destined for the musical profession—in which case she is sure of success, since nature has been prodigal in her favour.

MDLLE. FANNY ELLSNER AND MDLLE. DUMILATRE, the celebrated *danseuses*, both engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, arrived in London on Wednesday.

WILMERS.—Another pianist of this name, who, if report speak not false, is a second Leopold de Meyer, is going to pay London a visit during the present season.

THALBERG.—This popular gentleman has decided upon favoring London with his presence during this most eventful season. What all the pianists that are coming expect to achieve in the pecuniary department it puzzles us to guess. One only can be "lion at a time."

M. BEZETH, a talented *violinist*, and pupil of David, has arrived in London for the season.

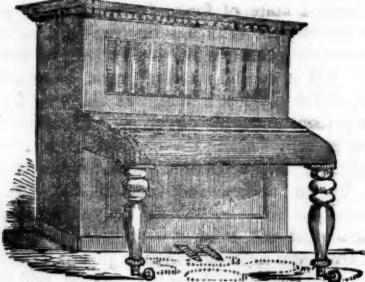
MR. JONES.—The vocalist, whose successful career, in most of the first theatres in the North of Italy, we have from time to time recorded, has returned to England, after an absence of nearly three years.

JULES SCHULOFF.—This pianist, a new star in the horizon of *pianism*, will shortly arrive in London. He gave his last concert in Paris on the 20th. M. Schuloff is known as a composer of brilliant *morceaux*, which have achieved very considerable popularity.

MADAME BISHOP terminated her second engagement with Mrs. Macready, at Bath, on Saturday last. The success attendant on her second engagement surpassed, if possible, that of her first. Madame Bishop left Bath on Thursday, for Dublin, where she is engaged by Mr. Calcraft, to re-appear for a certain number of nights. The fair artiste opens on Monday in *Norma*, and repeats afterwards, *Sonnambula*, *The Love Spell*, and *Anne Bolena*, and will also perform in Donizetti's celebrated opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, translated expressly for her. This opera, one of the author's best, has never been performed on the English stage.

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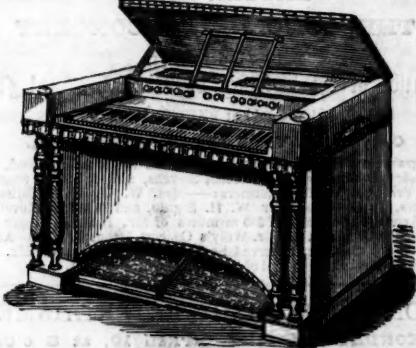
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